Wellesley College News

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VOL. XXIV. WELLESLEY, MARCH 9, 1916. NO. 20.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, March 9. 3.15 P.M., Room 24, Administration Building. Reading of his own poems by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole.
4.15 P.M., The Barn. Student Government Birthday Rally.
7.30 P.M. Billings Hall. Dr. Southard's fourth lecture for Seniors.

Friday, March 10, 7.30 P.M. The Barn. Sophomore Play.

Saturday, March 11. Second performance of Sophomore Play.
Society Program meetings.

Sunday, March 12. Houghton Memorial Chapel. 11.00 A.M., Reverend Willis H. Butler.
7.00 P.M., Vespers. Special music.

Monday, March 13. Mr. Masefield's visit.
Spanish Department lecture by Mr. Louis Baralt.

Tuesday, March 14. 4.30 P.M., Billings Hall. Recital by members of the Music Department.
7.30 P.M., Billings Hall. French Department lecture by Professor Horta of the University of Brussels.

Wednesday, March 15. Christian Association meetings, 7.15 P.M., Billings Hall and St. Andrews.

Thursday, March 16. 3.15 P.M., Room 24, Administration Building. Reading of her own poems by Miss Florence Converse.
7.30 P.M., Billings Hall, Dr. Southard's fifth lecture.

Friday, March 17. 4.15 P.M., Billings Hall. Open Meeting of Intercollegiate Athletic Conference.

Saturday, March 18. Intercollegiate debate.

SOCIETY LISTS.

Agora.

1916.

Frances A. Bean — Adele Smith
Marian Lane — F. Irene Watson
Florence Sherwood — Gladys Woodward

1917.

Barbara French — Margaret Goodspeed
Helen Stockwell

Alpha Kappa Chi.

1916.

Dorothy Allen — Mariam Blakeslee
Elizabeth Beattie — Elma Moulton

1917.

Carrie Bowbeer — Helen Harbison
Marie Goler — Elizabeth Maris
Grace Nelson

Phi Sigma.

1916.

Ruth Chivvis — Laura Jennings
Dorothy Connable — Gladys Smith
Helen Haines — Ruth Somes

1917.

Alliene Dorethy — Alice de Lisle
Josephine Keene — Marian Thing

Shakespeare.

1916.

Margaret Bull — Helen Moses
Miriam Dean — Alice Phillips
Mabel Hagemeyer — Charlotte Wahle
Ethel Haselmayer

1917.

Madeline Hicks — Sarah Porter
Margaret Wright

Tau Zeta Epsilon.

1916.

Jessie Averill — Miriam Iszard
Florence Diehl — Dorothy Loud
Irene Hogan — Katharine Whitten

1917.

Mary L. Ferguson — Margaret Jones
Grace Keenan

Zeta Alpha.

E. Louise Ballman — Artena Phillips
Helen Gehris — Ruth Strong

1917.

Margaret Brown — Grace Cole
Helen Bryan — Priscilla Leonard

SUFFRAGE LEAGUE OPEN MEETING.

Mr. Laurence Housman, a noted English author, spoke on "The Moving Spirit of Womanhood" at the open meeting of the Equal Suffrage League, in Billings Hall, Friday, March 3, at 7.45 P.M. The moving spirit of womanhood, he interpreted as the mother-instinct. Because of motherhood, women are more constructive than men in their attitude toward life. Men are more interested in trade values, women in human values.

Man is supposed to be the natural governing sex,—but government has been confused with domination. And men, through greater physical strength having subdued women, have, in their attempts to govern, unaided by women, succeeded usually only in destroying. Their idea of ruling, of ordering, has been to conquer. And when, in the Middle Ages, the men of the ruling class of Europe went crusading, in an attempt to win the "maximum refusal of consent," the women, left to plan their own lives, worked out their native impulses unhindered. They became, some of them, quite learned and cultured. One distinctly feminine procedure at that time, one which profoundly influenced architecture, was their enlargement of the windows of their dwellings. This was the beginning of women's efforts to secure better living conditions.

But because constructive measures are less spectacular than those of destruction, we have monuments to generals, to admirals and to other military leaders, while to the great leaders of peaceful movements we have practically none. It is the destructive element in human nature that glorifies the leaders of war. It is the mothering quality that seeks to conserve and to create. It is this feminine impulse of creation working itself out in spiritual fashion that gives us our works of art. And it is this feminine impulse to conserve that which has been created that is the truly governing spirit. Therefore, since women possess this characteristic to a greater degree than men, and since men possess equally valuable characteristics to a greater degree than women, the best government can be given by neither alone, but by both acting together.

In answer to the question "What is the meaning of militancy?" Mr. Housman explained briefly that militancy grew out of the denial to the women of the right to petition, a privilege ever cherished by the English. The women, in persisting, were subjected to violence, and at last, failing in their appeal to justice and in their appeal to humanitarian motives, they tried, in desperation, to reach the Englishman through his appreciation of trade values. Having found that he was unmoved by police assaults upon themselves, they tried to arouse him by destroying property, by breaking windows, and they succeeded.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Housman gave a short reading from his own translation of Aristophanes, showing that in Greece, long ago, there was a recognition of the "moving spirit of womanhood."

CHILD LABOR TALK.

Miss Josephine Eschenbrenner, Membership Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, spoke on the child labor question, at Tau Zeta Epsilon House, on Friday afternoon at 4.15 P.M. From her own experiences as a child worker, and from later investigations, the speaker contrasted vividly our opportunity for health and advancement with those of young factory folk. When we realize the conditions under which thousands of children are working, we wonder that any representative dared vote against the Federal Child Labor Law now before our Congress. Over one hundred and forty thousand North Carolina children are at work in factories which the law does not permit to be inspected; they are continually at work, one shift of workers following after the other, day and night. In Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama there are horrible oyster and shrimp canneries where children as young as seven may be found working twelve hours a day for a tiny pittance. The cotton mills still employ some twenty-six thousand children besides. In these the spinners work for from fourteen to sixteen cents per day in an atmosphere that is kept stifling and moist, since dry air tends to break the thread. There are laws protecting birds, but none to protect these American children.

The Child Labor Committee has been able to better conditions to some extent, in every state in the union, but state laws are not adequate or uniform. For a second time, a Federal Child Labor Law is now being considered by the central government. In spite of some opposition in the House, the bill was passed and is now before the Senate. If we are really anxious to suppress child labor, the best way to show our sympathy and interest is by writing to Senator Newlands of Nevada, chairman of the committee in charge of the bill, and also to our own Senators urging them to support the "Keating Child Labor Law."

Miss Eschenbrenner concluded with a plea for money to help further the work of this committee which was established in 1904. Membership dues are two dollars per year, but several may club together and share the expense, and by so doing, aid this most worthy cause.

WHAT, HO! YE FUN-LOVERS!

Mr. Stephen Leacock is coming to Wellesley, April 14, to read from his own writings. Not only for those of us who know and enjoy Mr. Leacock's whimsical humor and irresistible nonsense, but for all who shamelessly revel in "triviality" and dare to consider "Alice in Wonderland" of greater benefit to humanity than the services of Lewis Carroll to the science of mathematics, this visit is a delightful prospect. Mr. Leacock, according to his own account, occupies his leisure time with his work as head of the Department of Economics and Political Science in McGill University, while his difficult task is writing nonsense. This becomes easy to believe when one reads Mr. Leacock and discovers that his nonsense is really worth reading, that he is sharp-sighted, droll, delightful, a real humorist and, as such, a writer one cannot afford not to know.

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UNIFYING A UNITY.

In a few days we shall have reached the second anniversary of the burning of College Hall. We may well take pride in thinking of the time in which our College, at the crisis, rose to grapple with difficulties which seemed too great to be surmounted. But let us not forget that the College Hall fire and the crisis which it created are by no means past history. The New Wellesley is still of the future and it is for us to consider whether the enthusiasm which led to such vigorous response to Wellesley's need two years ago, is on the wane now when this need—if less spectacular—is none the less great. Among other things, have we, in so short a time, lost the sense of the unity of the College which the fire gave us? From the number of times a day that we hear this "lack of unity" discussed, it would seem that we have. However, on the other hand, isn't it quite possible that a large part of this talk comes from habit rather than from an actual conviction that the College, or the class, or the dormitory, as the case may be, lacks oneness?

The feeling of unity—the sense of being part of a great whole is an intangible thing and it cannot be induced by artificial means. Doing things together—whether work or social activity—can never in itself unify a group of people, though it may be extremely valuable in discovering unity which already exists. The College is actually the most unified organization conceivable since it is a body of people of about the same age and the same stratum of society, enjoying the same pleasures and working for the same fundamental principles. Sometimes an event like the College Hall fire sweeps aside all the little differences in attitude and we see this unity of the College and realize that Wellesley women are all bound together by the same interests and the same devotion to their College. Then we go on our way, forgetting the vision we have seen, and a couple of years finds us spending our energies in trying to devise ways and means of "securing unity" in this body which is actually so closely unified. We who discuss this burning question in the night hours, are not the only ones to whom Wellesley means much. If we were only more ready to attribute to our neighbor some of the high and beautiful ideals of what Wellesley means that we hold ourselves, if we were to take it for granted that, at heart, each one feels the same love for Wellesley that we feel, it is quite possible that the problem of "unifying" the College would disappear. Perhaps we may be working needlessly hard to unify a unity.

OUR INTELLECTUAL SPORT.

Do you know that there is a new sport in our midst? Perhaps you would not recognize it for a sport at all, and if so, not as a new one. But though it is an old pursuit, transformed by new rules and reorganization, we think we are justified in considering it new. It is an indoor sport, but is very popular among men and women undergraduates everywhere, during the winter term, and while she might grant that men equalled the skill of women in this pursuit, yet no college girl, with a proper appreciation of the meaning of higher education for women, was known to admit the possibility of men attaining or possessing a superior excellence. There are teams that compete with the same courage, perseverence and fair play that characterizes successful participants in any athletic contest, and while the training season lasts, the work is equally strenuous. Discerning persons refer to the game as the Intellectual Sport,—a very anomalous-sounding name. Formerly it was considered pre-eminently intellectual, but as the result of certain changes, the recent athletic interpretation has become quite apt. Ordinarily, it is referred to as intercollegiate debating.

Doubtless our grandfathers would be chagrined, —we exclude grandmothers, for it wasn't the general custom for women to debate publicly in those days,—to hear that forensic oratory had remained dignified, but had also become "sportive!" On the whole the change has been beneficial, however, for most of the unattractive features have been eliminated and improvements are constantly being devised. Whereas Edmund Burke was accustomed to speak for days at a time and his debating successors thought nothing of arguing for the most of the day or night, the time for presenting the issues of both sides has been limited to an hour and a half in all, or to two hours at the maximum. The time of preparation as well as of delivery has been reduced. A short training period of six weeks has supplanted the extended period of several months. That this has been an improvement is evident by the increased spontaneity given to a rather formal set of discourses. Spontaneity—and individuality as well—is further assured by the prohibition of professional coaching. Without recourse even to faculty, the teams are left to their own resources entirely. In this respect, intercollegiate debating differs from other organized sports, and yet loses none of its effectiveness.

The change in subject matter has been the most pronounced, however. According to the "round robin" system, whereby competing colleges debate both sides of the question on the same evening, there is no longer any incentive for a trick-wording of the subject which would give one side an unfair advantage. Present-day problems in economics and politics are popularly chosen, and are certainly more interesting to audiences nowadays than such abstruse subjects as the "pen is mightier than the sword." No intercollegiate debate is expected to settle the issues involved, but it is possible to present the chief points of the discussion in a concise and easily comprehended form. To do this successfully requires initiative, constructive thinking and ability to master a vast amount of material. The value of this to the debater is unquestioned. Whether he or she remains at home to support the affirmative or goes, on the negative, to rout the opponents in their home territory, it is necessary to know the opposing issues in order to combat them, and from this added knowledge comes a zest for a fair contest and a pride in accomplishment that converts a pedantic exercise into a vigorous game.

DR. ROSS ON "CHRISTIAN FUNDAMENTALS."

The annual series of addresses on Christian Fundamentals is given this year by Dr. G. A. Johnston-Ross of Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Dr. Ross needs no elaborate introduction to Wellesley, and it is hoped that a special effort may be made by all members of the College to hear this series. The addresses will occur on Wednesday evenings, March 8 and 15, and Dr. Ross is to preach at Houghton Memorial Chapel on Sunday, March 19.

M. E. C.

MISS OWEN AT ST. ANDREWS.

The leader of the Christian Association meeting at St. Andrew's Church, Wednesday, March 15, 7.15 P.M., is Miss Gertrude Owen, Wellesley, 1906, now of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. In the recent Jubilee pageant in Boston, Miss Owen represented the Spirit of the Association. Her subject for her meeting here is "Non Ministrari sed Ministrare." She is most enthusiastic about speaking at Wellesley. Let us suitably welcome her.

M. E. C.

"MY DEAR PATSY."

The following, an exact copy of a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to his daughter Patsy, in 1787, has been sent to us by an alumna. Its quaintness, and system of capitalization, especially, are of interest:

Paris, June 14, 1787.

I send you, my dear Patsy, the 15 livres you desired. You propose this to me as an anticipation of five weeks allowance, but do you not see my dear how imprudent it is to lay out in one moment what should accommodate you for five weeks? that is a departure from that rule which I wish to see you governed by, thro' your whole life, of never buying anything which you have not money in your pocket to pay for? be assured that it gives much more pain to the mind to be in debt, than to do without any article whatever which we may seem to want. the purchase you have made is one of those I am always ready to make for you, because it is my wish to see you dressed always cleanly & a little more than decently. but apply to me first for the money before you make a purchase, were it only to avoid breaking thro' your rule. learn yourself the habit of adhering vigorously to the rules you lay down for yourself. I will come for you about eleven o'clock on Saturday. hurry the making your gown, and also your redingcote. you will go with me some day next week to dine at the Marquis Fayette's. adieu my dear daughter.

Your's affectionately
TH. JEFFERSON.

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FOUR SOCIAL SERVICE FELLOWSHIPS.

The New York School of Philanthropy, 105 East Twenty-second St., is offering four fellowships of six hundred dollars each to recent college graduates, —classes of 1916, 1915, 1914—these fellowships to be awarded on the basis of an entrance examination paper and supplementary information. The points to be considered are: Promise of development; aptitude for social work; specific preparation for the course in the school; scholarships (i. e. information, erudition, etc.); and mental ability, (i. e. intellectual power and originality). A glance at social service as a profession for college men and women at once reveals a great variety of very definite and highly-specialized activities, which roughly group themselves into two main divisions; first, the "case-work" through which the worker attempts to bring an individual person or family into relations of normal, self-directed activity and harmony with his community; and second, the improvement of general conditions, including research, the education of public opinion, and the enforcement of social legislation, through which the worker tries to adapt the community to the needs of the individual. The student need not expect to find social work a "soft snap," but the salaries which it pays compare favorably with those of the teaching profession and the work is interesting and congenial and offers great opportunity for service. While the call for social workers is so insistent that it is not impossible to find positions without special preparation, a preliminary course in technical training is generally recognized as desirable, if not essential. The New York School of Philanthropy offers a two-year course open to college graduates which combines instruction with actual practice in existing organizations.

Applications for the entrance examinations for these scholarships should be filed not later than April 1, 1916. The examination takes place May 6, and awards will be announced by June 15.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT NOTES.

How the "True Loves" Got Their Name.

Scene: Baltimore College Settlement.

Dramatic Personæ: Headworker of the Settlement.

Three neighborhood "terrors," clad in regulation pegtop trousers, eloquent yellow-red shoes, coats of enormous padded shoulders, and fierce forelocks over the left eye.

The Terrors: "Miss ———, us fellahs wants a club."

Miss ——— (sternly: "You boys have been in every club in the settlement; and you've been put out of every one."

Terrors: "Yeh, but we,—all us fellahs that's been kicked out wants our own club."

Miss ———: "That's not a bad idea. What sort of club do you want?"

Terrors: "A dancing club!"

Miss ——— (with schedule book): "All right. How many are you? Have you any name?"

There are eleven of them, but not having anticipated the need of a name, the petitioners withdraw for a private consultation. After ten minutes' wrangling, they return in great solemnity.

Terrors: "Miss ———, we have a name."

Miss ———: "Yes?"

Terrors: "We're the True Loves!"

With great difficulty, and not a little tact, Miss ——— conveys to them the wish that they would choose a less fervid cognomen. A second consultation yields "The Honeymooners."

"Oh, boys, that is worse than True Loves. Try just once more, and if I don't like this choice, you shall be the True Loves."

After a third and stormy session, the leader proposes that the eleven worst boys on Locust Point be known as "The Three White Violets!"

That is how the Baltimore College Settlement came to be the home of the "True Loves."

TRIANGULAR DEBATE TEAMS.

Speakers:
- Edith F. Jones, 1916.
- Ruth Rand, 1916.
- Amy C. Rothchild, 1916.
- Sara E. Snell, 1916.
- Charlotte Penfield, 1918.
- Helen Merrill, 1919.

Alternates:
- Marion Bassett, 1916.
- Emily Allyn, 1917.
- Emma Barrett, 1917.
- Mildred Jones, 1917.
- Marjorie Turner, 1917.
- Ruth Aultman, 1918.

HYGIENE LECTURE.

On Tuesday evening, February 29, Dr. Goldthwait Professor of Hygiene at Smith, gave a lecture in Billings Hall on the subject, "The Importance of Proper Habits of Posture to Health." In an interesting manner he presented the theory of the slender type, that is, that to-day the slender type is the most prevalent build and at the same time the one most liable to poor posture and the diseases resulting from it. If children of the slender type are taught to hold themselves properly, many diseases will be eliminated and the general vitality of the race will be increased. Dr. Goldthwait suggested that we who, as mothers and teachers will come in close contact with children, will have a golden opportunity to help with this work.

E. L., 1919.

LOST.

Gold bar pin with green stone and pearls. Between village and T. Z. E. Return to M. Shuman.

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SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

Dr. Jonathan C. Day, of the Labor Temple of New York City, conducted the Sunday morning chapel service, March 5. Instead of preaching a formal sermon, Dr. Day pictured vividly the need of the people in industry, particularly the need of the foreigners, and of the girls for wise leadership, and intelligent Christian service. To the College girls he brought the greeting of the girls in industry, and to us he gave the challenge of their need for better working conditions, for better living conditions, for better recreation facilities.

Our enormous foreign population brings with it a challenge to the state and to the church, which neither has faced fairly. The state has provided no adequate protection for the foreigners, nor has it educated them in our customs and ideals. The church has not only ignored the problem, but has, until very recently, fled from it. During the past half century, in which the population of New York City, between East Fourteenth street and the Bowery, has doubled, and during which it has also changed in character from English-speaking American to non-English-speaking alien of many tongues, one hundred and four churches have moved out. The Christian church did not accept the challenge of the necessity of these people.

Labor Temple represents an effort on the part of one church to establish some kind of contact with the six hundred thousand foreigners in this district below East Fourteenth Street. Its leaders are trying to make Labor Temple a center—a clearing-house for the discussion of social, religious and labor problems of the alien population of this district. They are making an attempt to get the point of view of the laboring man, to see what he needs, and what he wants, and then to try to meet those needs, to fulfill those desires—and to straighten out misunderstandings.

For college girls there is a great opportunity to get in touch with their sisters in the industrial world, and through intelligent sympathy and loving service, to help them to gain what they need and long for,—be it a fair chance in the field of industry, or a tiny chance for intellectual development. No other work is more needed, and for no other work is the spirit of the Christ-life more of an inspiration.

FOR BLIND CHILDREN.

Many of you who were at College, last year, doubtless remember of being conscientiously forced to eat box after box of ten-cent chocolate peppermints, in order that, you were urged, about fifteen little girls, who are pupils at Perkins Institution for the blind might spend a happy, wholesome summer in a model camp, instead of being put into the impersonal hands of the State of Massachusetts and boarded about among absolute strangers. I thank you very heartily for having eaten those peppermints. It did a great deal for our camp fund. Fate decreed that the camp should not materialize last summer, but, if all goes well, it will open this June on the day when Perkins Institution closes. You were so generous in helping last year that I am going to venture to ask your aid again in behalf of our children. We are in great need of middy-blouses, sweaters, bathing-suits, sheets and towels. In order that our expenses may be reduced to the minimum, I am trying to get as many of these articles as possible from my friends. If any of you small girls have cast-off middy-blouses, sweaters and bathing-suits, or if any of you know of children who have outgrown clothing of these kinds, you will be adding materially to the possibilities of our camp if you will have them sent to me at 423 West 118th street, New York City, N. Y. I am convinced that this little appeal is going to bring forth a ready and generous-spirited response, therefore, I am going to take the liberty of sending you a hearty expression of thanks in advance.

MARY G. KNAP.

EXHIBIT

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FACULTY RECITAL.

Mr. Clarence G. Hamilton; Pianist.
Mr. Albert T. Foster; Violinist.
Tuesday, February 29, 1916, at 4.30. P.M.

Programme.

Violin and Piano: Sonata in D, No 3 — Mozart
Allegro con spirito
Andante cantabile
Allegretto

Piano: Nocturne in B minor — Sgambati
Les fees sont d'exquises danseuses — Debussy
Eleventh Rhapsody — Liszt

Violin and Piano: Sonata in C, Op. 14 — E. Grasse
Allegro moderato
Allegro scherzando
Andante amoroso
Allegro appassionato

STUDENT RECITAL.

Tuesday, March 7, 1916, at 4.30, P.M.

Programme

Piano: Second Barcarolle — Godard
Miss Zoen Y. Wong, 1919

Voice: The Last Song — Tosti
Miss Helen G. Roof, 1919

Piano: Brownies — Korngold
Miss Anna E. Mantz, 1917

Violin: Romance — Svendsen
Miss Katharine L. Hilton, 1919

Piano: From a German Garden
Shadow Dance — MacDowell
Miss E. Ling Tong, Sp.

Voice: April — Densmore
Miss Madeleine P. Kelly, 1919

Piano: Nocturne in E Major. Op. 62 No. 2 — Chopin
Toccata in D Minor — Leschetizky
Miss Mary E. Ferguson, 1918

FRESHMAN SOCIAL.

The little Freshmen—and the big ones too—found much to enjoy in the class social given at the Barn last Saturday night by a committee consisting of Mary Louise Hoge (chairman), Mamre Bailey, Rose Phelps and Elizabeth King. The first number, as announced on large placards borne by two fetching little pages, was a thrilling motion picture crammed with Primeval Passions and a wild Indian. The Indian having been dramatically murdered by a noble husband and his trusty blunderbus, two coons took possession of the stage for a song and cakewalk. They were followed by the "Kindergarten Kids" who, though they had come straight from the pages of James Whitcomb Riley, had gathered sufficient information to make things interesting for certain members of the class.

"The Wizards of the Age" were strange, unearthly creatures, mostly face and hair, who moved with great dignity, though with hardly as much grace as was displayed by two exponents of the modern Terpsichorean art. The audience was also allowed to behold "one of the season's most popular musical comedy stars;" "the Gold Dust Twins;" and last, but not least, "Topsy," whose placard read simply, "Let her speak for herself."

After cheering the "Cast," partaking of refreshments and dancing, the Freshmen plodded villagewards through the snow, well-pleased with their evening's entertainment. R. P., 1919.

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PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

It has been suggested that a list of hymns suitable for all occasions be compiled to aid the leaders of the morning chapel service. We are very glad to comply with this suggestion and submit the following list which is guaranteed to meet any emergency:

I. For the first chapel service of the year:
A. 690. Verse 1.
From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand.—
B. 831. Verse 1.
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way.—
C. 587. Verse 1.
There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow.

II. For the day after the society assignments are known.
657. Verses 1 and 4.
Oh happy day, that fixed my choice!
Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest.—

III. Before Christmas vacation.
A. 838. Verse 1.
On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises.—
B. 795. Verse 1.
O, Mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

IV. Any time during midyears.
A. 869. Verses 1, 2 and 3.
Work for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers.—
B. 722. Verses 1 and 4.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,—
C. 623. Verse 3.
We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

V. After midyears.
746. Verse 1.
Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home:
All is safely gathered in,—

VI. Flunk-slip day.
809. Verses 1, 2 and 3.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before.

VII. Credit-card day.
A. 560. Verses 1 and 2.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.
B. 803. Verse 1.
Let no tears to-day be shed.—
C. 328. Verses 1 and 3.
Oh quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die in sight of thee.

. . . . . .

Oh, quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.

VIII. Forensic-burning day.
A. 768. Verse 1.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky.—
B. 698. Verse 1.
Fling out the banner! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide.—

IX. For the benefit of the Seniors any day in the spring.
735. Verses 2 and 3.
A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

DR. DAY'S QUESTION BOX.

In Billings Hall, Sunday afternoon, at 3.30 P.M., Dr. Day "answered questions" about Labor Temple, its purpose and its activities. Its purpose he had outlined in the morning service. Its activities are varied—Sunday services are held in five different languages, Bible classes, Sunday-school and "movies" are conducted there on Sunday. An open forum is also held in the auditorium Sunday evening, at which problems of the labor unions, of socialism and religion are discussed. During the week, the building is used by various organizations, religious and otherwise, as a meeting place. An employment office is open every morning. In every sense the church is the center of the community life.

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CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Close of Jubilee Week.

The chapel was nearly filled on the evening of March 1, the fiftieth birthday of the Young Women's Christian Association, and the last day of the memorable Jubilee Week, when we were addressed by Miss Kyle Adams of the National Board, a young woman who has "learned to live from those who do not know how to live," in her active Christian work. In introducing her, Miss Torrence spoke of the great International Institute Building of the Association in New York, of Miss Grace Dodge, the inspiring founder of the Association, and of the proposed five hundred thousand dollar endowment fund, which shall help materialize Miss Dodge's vision of organized Christian work. At the close of the service, envelopes for offerings were distributed. The "Association Monthly," giving particulars concerning this fund and its purpose, are to be found in the house reading rooms.

Miss Adams' topic was "The Challenge of the Jubilee—the Call of Christ." After giving us flashlight glimpses of the "inside" of the association, as a whole,—of its benefit to country, immigrant and city girls, for instance—and of the City Association,—with its training schools, industrial organizations, Eight-Weeks' Clubs—Miss Adams suggested how the Christian Association fundamentally surpasses social service work.

"How petty your love beside that of Jesus Christ!—What would the world be if you had the faith you ought to have in God and in each other?—Does your face reflect a joyous spirit of service?—Are you fearless enough to reform dress, dancing, language?" Such were some of Miss Adams' probing questions. She threw some light on the deep meaning of such phrases as—"not to be ministered unto, but to minister," "that we might have life more abundantly," "They looked unto Him and were radiant." And her appeal was that we consecrate our lives to Him from "whom all life comes, and to whom all life goes."

G. C. D., 1917.

VESPERS—DR. BELLE ALLEN.

Dr. Belle Allen's address on Sunday evening at the vesper service, concerned itself with answering one question—Why is it that foreign missions deserve their missionaries when we have problems here at home crying to be relieved? To this end, Miss Allen described most vividly and horribly, the awful conditions in India, where she has been these last ten years and where she will return next fall in the interests of a women's medical college at Vellore. The first obstacle in the way of really helping is the "labyrinthine mazes of the caste system." A woman must be approached either in sickness or in religious problems, by women physicians, for after a woman is married, she is allowed to see no man but her husband. The caste system is also responsible for a great many deaths among the women in decreeing that she must marry by the age of thirteen. Then all India is hemmed in by great mountains of ignorance and superstition. The religion will not allow one to take life, be it a mosquito or a lion for fear of releasing the spirit of an ancestor, and bringing a curse upon thes layer. For this reason, flies, snakes, tigers and lions abound. They even go so far as to put mosquito netting around a lantern, to protect the moth from the flame. So superstition has grown up around the daily life of the people, making a wall almost impervious to outside Christian influence. Therefore, reorganization is the line which the missionaries must take. The caste system must be remodelled and superstition taken away, before any dent can be made. The first need is the medical need. Those who protect the life of the animal so carefully take not one thought for the care of their own lives. If a disease comes, it is the will of God, and must not be cured. They know nothing of sanitation of the simplest kind. There are two hundred million women and children in India and only six hundred and forty women physicians to tend them. Dr. Scudder of Vellore sends a most urgent plea for money and workers.

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PLYMOUTH THEATER.

"Heart o' th' Heather," in which George MacFarlane is the stellar player, begins its second week at the Plymouth Theater, Boston, next Monday. Not in years has there burst upon the attention of playgoers such a brilliant player of sterling ability, whose voice is recognized as the best of manly baritones. The matinees at this theater are given on Thursdays and Saturdays.—Adv.

PARK SQUARE THEATER.

Next week will be the last of "Rolling Stones" at the Park Square Theater, Boston.

Its action is swift, its comedy unforced and its characters are real. The matinees are Wednesdays and Saturdays, and the management assures all out of town patrons that mail orders will be carefully filled.—Adv.

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ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Dorothea Wells, formerly secretary to the Board of Admission, to Philetus H. Holt of Summit, N. J.

'02. Lulu McAusland to Albert F. Flint of Boston.

'07. Florence E. Walworth to G. Horace Williams, Jr., of Newton Center, Mass.

'15. Beatrice E. Phinney to Bernard H. Bailey, Yale, 1914 S.

'16. Helen L. Kennedy to Howard R. Patch, Ph.D., of Cambridge, Instructor of English in Harvard University.

BIRTHS.

'12. On February 15, in the Lawrence Hospital, Bronxville, N. Y., a daughter, Patricia Drake, to Mrs. Lewis Patrick Greene (Marjorie Sherman).

'13. On January 11, a daughter, Grace Kemper, to Mrs. Nathaniel W. Hopkins (Emily P. Toll).

DEATHS.

At Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., on February 9, Edgar D. Coonley, M.D., father of Mary Coonley Gaylord, 1899.

Suddenly, by an accident, on February 2, in San Francisco, Donald H. Powers, husband of Esther Gibbs, 1905.

On August 12, 1915, Lewis Firman Church, husband of Margaret P. Brick, 1911.

Suddenly on February 29, in Scranton, Pa., Dr. E. G. Roos, father of Henriette Roos, 1916.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

'75. Mrs. Eliza Richardson Upham to 12 Arlington Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

'15. Margaret Harris to 1 College Ave., Amherst, Mass.

NEWS NOTES.

'87. Mrs. A. J. George (Alice Vant) addressed the Special Aid Society for American Preparedness at its headquarters, 691 Boylston St., Boston, on February 25.

'00. An extremely interesting biography of Theodore Lee, husband of Hannah Hume Lee, 1900, has recently been published under the title "Was it Worth While?" It is a composite production, different phases and periods of his life being portrayed by his father, classmates, fellow missionaries, etc. Mrs. Lee, with rare self-restraint and power, delineates his devotional life and the sources of his faith and power.

'00. Alice Hazeltine resumed her High School work in New York City the first of February. She is now teaching in the Morris High School.

'03. Elizabeth Bass has issued an attractive illustrated booklet description of Camp Kineowatha, at Wilton, Me., which was so successfully directed by her last summer. The book, and information regarding the camp, may be obtained from Irving G. MacColl, Hotel McAlpine, New York.

'06. Helen L. White is teaching in the South Side High School, Newark, N. J., and living with her sister at 420 West 116th St., New York.

'08. Helen Eustis Edwards will be in Bahia, Brazil, until June, and after that somewhere in Sao Paulo, the exact address to be given later.

'09. Lorraine M. Eaton has a story for children, "The Quest of the Prince," in the Congregationalist for January 13.

A LETTER FROM BRITTANY.

From Edith May, 1897, who went to France a short time ago to work for the French Wounded Emergency Fund, the following letter has been received. The letter is printed as nearly in full as possible.

A Small Town, Brittany, February 9, 1916.

At last, after six months of preparation and waiting, my work has begun. I have been working hard for ten days, and I can assure you that I have learned a good deal, and seen enough to make me feel as if it had been a year. I am going to understate rather than overstate something of it all, for I do not wish to seem to draw one bit upon my imagination. I have asked several surgeons if, without using names and places, I might tell the need, and their replies have been an almost embarrassing gratitude.

Far up on the hill is the school, kept before the war by the "freres," to-day a hospital of four hundred. And there are many other hospitals in the town, one in a convent of the "soeurs," one in part of the girls' school, one in the boys'. When we arrive, we find out where the hospitals are, and, arming myself with my Red Cross certificate, and my authorization from the Minister of War, I ask most courteously (and the first few times with a loudly beating heart), for "Monsieur le Medecin-Chef." Everywhere are soldier-patients, soldier-nurses, soldier-guards. Monsieur le Medecin-Chef arrives, sometimes in his long white apron. I make a little speech, showing that I am delegated to offer any help that may be urgently needed, in the way of clothing, bandages, surgical instruments, simple surgical apparatus and bedding, in the name of the French Wounded Emergency Fund of London and America. I wish you could see the touching expression of gratitude that this calls forth. It makes one almost ashamed to think that one is going to be able to give so little in each place, where so much is needed, and it makes one long to put before you in America, the pressing need and the heroic patience.

The Medecin-Chef begins by showing the hospital,—the wards, the operating room (if there is one), the lingerie (where all linen and clothing are kept), the mess-room, etc., and at last we go to his bureau. He has begun, perhaps, by saying that at last they could have a sterilizing machine; that their bandages and instruments had hitherto all been sterilized at a pharmacy two miles away; or that they might have a rolling table, it was so hard to move a man by stretcher after a serious operation; or that now they might have pillows for the men with head and face wounds; or enough blankets for those who felt the cold the most; or rubber gloves, or cotton (absorbent); no one could get enough rubber or cotton gauze in France, etc. He seems like a school boy about to have a holiday. And then you say that you regret very much, but that you have almost three hundred hospitals on your list, and that there are many more besides, and that you must give only a little in one place so as to make it go around. And the poor man's face falls, but he says he understands perfectly, that he has been indiscreet, that one must think of the others, but that he will send his little list down to your hotel, if he may, hoping that those things may be granted his pauvres garcons. And when the list comes, it is small,—often only socks, felt slippers, a scalpel or some needles. Do you know it is sickening to raise their hopes in this way and to be able to do so very little. I confess I have wondered what I had that I could convert into money, to give them what they need. But always the list is accompanied by a charming little note, thanking us for our kind thoughts and attention, and expressing gratitude "in anticipation."

And now I will tell you of some of the things I have seen this week. Of course one is never to expect in these hospitals, practically all temporary and improvised from any large or small unoccupied building, the cheeriness, the comfort, or the convenience of any hospital in America. You find dark and overcrowded rooms, heterogeneous bed-coverings, often impossible beds, make-shift nursing facilities, practically no surgical apparatus, and often no sort of sanitary arrangement (according to our ideas). These one does not find in every place, nor all of them in any one place, unless it is pretty poor. And some places (my average is two in ten), are fairly decent. But, of course, Brittany is very poor at any time, far from the center of things, and the inhabitants have long ago given all they have had to give.

Here is an example of a good hospital. All the seriously injured soldiers of the whole region are sent from other hospitals to this to be operated upon. A famous surgeon from Paris is chief operator. There have been right along for some months from six to ten operations a day. The operating room is improvised from a schoolroom; the operating table consists of two desks with a plank across, covered with a "comforter" and a sheet. The sterilizing room is beyond words. After eighteen months of war, they have just succeeded in having installed a small sterilizing machine, but it is so small that the surgeon's assistant (a young woman), must work far into the night to get enough done for the next day. There are no sterilizing pans (they use biscuit boxes); there is no water in the whole great establishment except in the basement; no ether masks, no hypodermic needles, no rubber gloves; no table on which to roll the patient. In the lingerie the ladies were drying and remaking gauze bandages washed many times already. They had no absorbent cotton, nothing of any description in wool, practically no socks, even in cotton. There was not one pillow in the hospital. This is a hospital of over three hundred gravely wounded, and is always full. This is one of the best I have seen, for the wards are large, not crowded, and sunny. If devotion counts, either among the infirmieres or the surgeons, then it is rich. You ask why the Sanitary Department of the State does not help. It does, but remember that France has now far over six hundred thousand (one surgeon told me a million) wounded, and that forty-seven per cent. of her industries are in the invaded country. Thousands and tens of thousands of women, children, old men (aside from soldiers), are being given new homes, food, clothing, and every cent they have to spend. It is a wonder that France can even do what she does, and it is only because she has always been frugal that she can.

Another hospital of one hundred and eighty inmates (chiefly for eye, ear and head wounds), has no water except in the garden, and the infirmieres must carry up every drop even to the third story. Even the Medicin-Chef said that the beds were impossible for wounded, the mattresses being something thin and lumpy in a ticking hardly two inches thick. They had no pillows, also, and begged for them for the gravely wounded. Here, too, they asked for beef-juice or some similar dainty and fortifying fare, for as the infirmiere remarked, "Boiled meat and potatoes do not tempt those who are enfeebled from long suffering, and we find it nearly impossible to get anything else."

Another hospital, on the edge of a small village by the sea. Here they had twenty-five men, some convalescent, some still quite ill. The house had been long unoccupied, hence without any furniture and in bad repair, but the only one obtainable. The busy country doctor comes once in two weeks. The three women have never had any training, but were devotion itself. The small rooms were crowded with beds, the paper was dirty and scaling from the walls, the rain entered by the windows, of course there was no thought of heat or light. The beds were impossible. The women apologized over and over, saying they had done what they could to clean and repair, but the building was so old and so leaky. Here they had plenty of clothing. But they needed everything for the beds,—sheets,

pillows, blankets, mattresses. This was the worst we have seen thus far, though another in another small village ran it a close second. But the soldiers who were standing in the mud outside, talking with the chauffeur, said they were very happy, that they had good things to eat, and there were "jolies promenades" in the neighborhood.

Apropos of this wonderful patience, gaiety and power of making the best of it, with which we have been struck from the first in every wounded and crippled man with whom we have talked, I will tell you of just one ward (the first of the sort in which I had ever been), where every man in the room had had some sort of amputation, and the room held forty. (I have been in many since.) Six had been amputated the day before and so were pale and silent. I think had I known that I was about to be led into such a room I should have hesitated, both for their sake and mine. But not knowing, I went in and hardly realizing the sense of what I was being told, found myself looking into the hand of a man who held out towards me, at the surgeon's suggestion, fifteen or twenty pieces of shell, nail, bone, which had been taken out of his leg the day before. He was proud as a boy with a handful of new marbles. A little farther along we came to a mere boy standing at the foot of his bed, leaning on crutches, for one leg was gone. We talked with him. He had won the "Medaille Militaire" for bravery and was wearing it on his breast. "These kind ladies have come to offer us help, Jean; thank them for their generous desires," the sister said. "Perhaps the ladies will send me a leg some day," said the boy, laughing, "but I hope they will send me one that is quicker than the one I had for it was not fast enough to save me from the obus of the bosches. They say that over there in America they are very quick," and he was delighted with his own little joke and utterly regardless of his pitiful condition. Somehow I felt as if he were trying to save my feelings, for by this time my eyes were swimming. . . . . And the surgeon said to me, "Ah, Madame, that light-hearted gaiety for which we, as a nation, have so often been reproached, has stood us in good stead in these horrible times. It has brought many a man up from the brink of the grave."

Well, now I have shown you every side of our experience but one, and that is this. When we come home tired and unstrung at the end of the day, the discouragement that faces us at the little, little we can do is beyond any words I can use to express. And this is why I am writing this at such length and at midnight (for I have not any other time, what with reports, lists, letters to headquarters, etc.), to beg you to put this before our friends everywhere, before the churches, and even the newspapers, if possible, and let the great and growing—ever growing, as France grows poorer—need of the suffering and wounded be known, of whom I have seen so few and yet already know so much. Surely some of those who hear this, in remembrance of their own happy sons and nephews, will send us some money, or will themselves spend some money for the surgical apparatus we need. Clothing is needed,—especially socks, and woollen things, pillows, gauze and cotton,—but above all else is the need of surgical appliances, large and small. What, eighteen months ago, was of service, is now, after constant use, worn or wearing out. This is a war of terrible wounds, and unless the man has the right treatment on the operating table, all the rest is useless.

To every one who sends me any sum for the French Wounded Emergency Fund, 34 Loundes Sq., London, or care Madame Charcot Hendry, 11 Rue de la Tour des Dames, Paris, I will write and tell how the money is spent. And my thanks will go out with the thanks, heartfelt I know, of those whom they will have helped back to health.

Money can always be sent directly to either of the above addresses, preferably to London, where the purchases are made. Goods will be taken free of charge by the Leyland Line of Boston to London, if marked for the French Wounded Emergency Fund with its address in London. If goods go to New York, the Companie Generale Transatlantique will take them to Bordeaux free. But it is perhaps simpler to mark them for Mme. Charcot Hendry, French Wounded Emergency Fund, Paris, Care American Clearing House, 150 Bank St., New York City.

If people ask what they can knit, say "socks." Everywhere we are asked for them,—large size, because they shrink. Slippers made of heavy felting sewed together with heavy linen thread, and with an inner sole put in, can be made very quickly (I have cut out and made any number), and serve the soldiers to walk in, both in the hospitals and out, on clear days.

I am spending little sums of money given me to make easier the sufferings of certain poor fellows I see. None of them could hope to get well,—I learned from the surgeons,—though each thought he could. One had contracted tuberculosis in a German prison where he had been for eleven months, and was finally exchanged as incurable. He could eat oranges, and I sent him some. Another had been shot in the lungs; a third in the spine, and had a wound as large as the palms of four hands. This last had had five operations and would die under the next. But he talked calmly and gently, and smiled, and when I said, "You are very patient," he said simply, "Il le faut bien." To these two I sent a fine wine. Another had had both legs amputated. He had been, before the war, a cattle merchant. He was sitting up happily in his bed, making his wife a bag out of macrimé cord. And it was beautifully made, those great fingers knotting the little threads with the carefulness of a girl. I said, "Je vous félicite," and he smiled so proudly. But he said the cord was very fine, and he couldn't get any other. So I bought some in the first city and sent it to him. You'll be glad to know he will get well. These little things make them happy, and they love our visits (contrary to my expectations), and it certainly comforts us a little bit to do it. For I can assure you we suffer. If anyone thinks this a pleasant jaunt by automobile that we are making, he may come and try it. Put aside the long, cold rides in bleak weather, the getting wet through and finding no heat anywhere, the getting the food one can and being thankful, the climbing up and down in one vast building after another, and the continual talking in a language not your own,—all that is fatiguing, but part of the work and what I expected. One can well suffer a few discomforts for those who have suffered so much, and one wants to. But the real suffering is mental and moral,—the sights we see, the pitiful stories we hear, the things we cannot hope to help,—that is what wears one out, and that is an added burden every day.

WELLESLEY CLUBS.

The meeting of the Boston Club postponed from January 8, for all the New England clubs, will be held at the Hotel Vendome, Saturday, March 11, at 2, P.M. Dean Waite will speak on "The Academic Side of Life at Wellesley" and Mr. Day, the supervising architect of the new Wellesley, will give an illustrated talk on the plans for the new buildings.

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